

ROOM for NEWS, (101)
N^o 6. OR
News from ROME,

BEING A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN THE
POPE and the DEVIL
At a late Conference.

Consulting the most effectual Expedients for promoting their Joint Interest and Designs in the present Juncture of Affairs;

With their Instructions concluded upon to be sent to their Emisaries in all Parts to that purpose

*Accipe nunc Papa Insidias
Flectere si nequas superos Acheronta movebis;*

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6.

News from R O M E,

O R

A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil.

The Introduction, or Occasion of the Conference.

His Holiness being lately much perplext at the Receipt of a Packet from *Utopia*, intimating that some of his most hopeful *Projects*, thwarted by Providence, were like to miscarry; forthwith Summon'd all the *Cardinals*, to a solemn *Conclave*, where a Thousand Proposals were made for Retriving the desperate Game, yet none that seem'd Satisfactory: Whereupon Dismissing that Assembly, the holy Father reflecting how Famous divers of his Predecessors had been for *Negromancy*, and *Conjuring*, sends immediately to the *Vatican* for some choice Volumns of *Magick*, and retiring (when Night-masking Heavens Face made all things appear Black in conformity with his Designs, and no Noise but the Musick of howling Wolves, and Schreechowlds Hollows could be heard) to an obscure Corner of *Belvidere* his private Garden, he there with the accustomed Ceremonies. Invokes *Lucifer*, Prince of the Fallen Angels, to make his personal Appearance; Not doubting but that Subtle degraded *Seraphin* (knowing it to be their *Jaynt Concern*) would furnish him with some fresh New-minted *Policies*, for carrying on his Business in this unexpected *Exigency*. Scarce had he finished his dreadful *Orisons* (which he repeated with more Devotion than ever he Mumbled out an *High Mass*) when the welcome Monarch of the Infernal Crew appears, usher'd with flashes of Lightning, and thus Accosts him.

Devil. Who thus Imperiously summons our Presence? We are of late too much Crowded with Employments, both Military and Civil, Ecclesiastick and Secular, to attend every Impertinents pleasure: Speak therefore, and briefly thy Name and Business.

Pope. I am, dread Prince of Darknes! *Servus servorum*, the humblest of your Vassals, your Deputy, your *Vice-Roy* on Earth, on whom your Bounty has conferr'd the *Tripple Crown*, and other marks of *Damnable Favour*: My Business is to Implore your Advice and

Directions.

Directions in certain Affairs, that not a little concern both mine own and your Interest.

Devil. Who? Our *Infallible Factor*? The Support of our Empire, and Darling of our Hopes? To *Thee* both our *Ear* and *Breast* shall be ever Open.

Pope. Gracious *Balzebug*! You oblige me eternally to serve you. And as your Assistance heretofore brought Princes to *Kiss* my Gouty *Toes*, I cannot in Gratitude refrain from Paying the same Devotion to your most reverend *Cloven Foot*.

Devil. Spare now that unnecessary Complement, and Acquaint us with the present Posture of Affairs.

Pope. I am all Obedience to your Commands: But must crave leave to state things *ab Origine*----- 'Tis not unknown to your Ghostly Intelligence, what faithful *Vetaries* my self, and Predecessors for many hundred Years, have been to your *Hellish Interest*, after your *Delpick* Oracles were struck Dumb, and your *Heaven Slaves* grown weary of doing your Tormenting *Druggeries*. When the Light of the *Gospel* in its Purity (which designs the utter Overthrow of your dark Kingdom) had Baffled all your Fury, becoming more bright by the surrounding Flames of *Persecution*, so that you were forced for a time to wave fruitless *Rgours*, and Refer the Conduct of your Affairs to our Management. You may remember how suddenly by another *Path*, we Re-establish your Power greater then ever: Our *fained Traditions*, new invented *Doctrines*, *Cannons*, *Decrees*, *Dieretals*, *Constitutions*, and Pompuous *Ceremonies*. had soon altered the Face of the Church, and rendred it quite different in all things (but the *Name*) from the Primitive Simplicity: Our *Pardons*, *Absolutions*, *Indulgencies*, permitting of publick *Stews* or Bawdy-Houses, our *Doctrines* of *Merit*, *Venial sin*, *Purgatory*, and works of *Superarrogation*. What were they all but so many *Draw-Nets*, or *Linetwigs* to inveigle the *Looser* and Unwary part of Mankind in your Snares and *Lake of Perdition*: After that, I need not Recount the Bloody *Wars* we have Raisted, the horred *Treasons* we have Fomented, the cruel *Massacres* we have caused throughout *Bohemia*, *England*, *France*, and *Germany* of old, and in *Ireland*, and Vallies of *Pedemont* of a latter date; whereby some *Millions* of Innocent and Pious Souls have been by our *Religious Industry*, offered up as so many *Victives* to your *Hellish Malice*: Besides this, we have of *Lase*-----

Devil. Hold, hold, good Mr. *Pope*, though we allow you to Preach your *Doctrine* of *Merit* to others, you must not Boast it to us: We

acknowledg your eminent *Services*, nor have we been behind-hand in Retaliations: Have we not Advanced you to *Riches, Pomp, and Glory*? To the Title of *Universal Bishop*, and Successor of *Peter* (though you Imitate him in nothing, but *denying* his Master?) Have we not brought you to Lord it over all your fellow Bishops; and behold with Contempt, Kings and Emperors at your Feet? Is not your Interest and Advantage inseperably *Twisted* with mine? If your Doctrines or Ceremonies bring me in *Souls*, Do they not bring you in *Money*? And when your Zeal destroys my *Enemies*, Do you not provide for your own Safety and *Granscur*?

Pope. 'Tis confessed, *Mighty Satan*! Nor did I intend to upbraid you with our *Devoirs*, but to induce you thereby rather to our Assistance: For some few Ages ago a Pestilent Generation sprung up, that would pull down the whole Fabrick we so long have been Building, and Restore *Religion* in its Primitive Beauty, stript of all those Meritricious *Gayties*, which at once both Replenish your Territories and our *Coffers*.

Devil. Pish, pish, did I not Teach you long since a Medicine, called *The Inquisition*, to stop the spreading of such Leprosies?

Pope. True: But alas! It came too late, some Kingdoms were so Infected, that they cast off all Subjection to our Authority, and left no hopes (at least as yet) of bringing that most *Excellent Engine* amongst them to Reduce 'em.

Devil. In that case too, I many years ago provided thee an Expedient, by Erecting the Society of *Jesuits*, those Machless Embroilers of Affairs, who being sent Abroad, will, I doubt not, by their learned and Active Zeal, soon bring back these stragling Hereticks to Roost under the Wings of *Mother Church*, and Truckle to your Irish-wooden Chair.

Pope. Upon my Holiness' your *Devilship* is egregiously mistaken; a *Jesuite*, 'tis true, about 40 or 50 years ago was a pretty sprightly Instrument: When they durst stab a wavering Monarch, or Blow up an Heretical State at a Blast. But now, alas! he is grown Old, Rusty and Dismetled; his very Name *Odious* amongst many of our own Party; his prodigious Learning found but a blazing Meteor, and his Treasons, Murthers, and Equivocations, Cosenages, and other *Excellencies* become too over palpalbe.

Devil. Your Holiness prates like an *Infalible Sor*, thus to disparage the most Trusty *Fauzaries* of our Empire: The duller Order *Franciscans*, and *Capuchins*, with their nasty Austerities, may amuse
Melan.

Melancholy Fools : But 'tis these active *sociable-Incendiaries* must do the grand work, who by their Oily Tongues and pliable Behaviour, Insinuate themselves in Princes Courts, to Dive into their *Cabinet Councils*, and at the same time Abet all *Factions*, to Infuse specious *Principles preparatory* to our Designs in the Head of the unwary Rabble.

Pope. True it is, all this and more they have done, Screwing themselves into the Affections of *Grandeas*, as gently as malevolent *Stars* dart their Influence, or blasting Mildews slide into the Bosome of a Flower. They have varied Shapes oftner than the *Cameleopard* at Land, or *Polypus* at Sea; now a Courtier, to Morrow a Souldier, then a Cobler, by and by a Weaver; a Gallant amongst the Ladies in the *Park*; an Atheist amongst the *Coffee-miss*, and a *Quaker* at *Devonshire House*. Yet when we thought all *Cocksure* prepar'd, and doubted not but to have Stem'd the Tide of Opposition by a Torrent from our *Romish See*; Behold, an unhappy Providence damps the progress, and the *Alarm* takes through the *City*, as fast as our Train of *Wildfire* in *Sixty six*: Immediately the *Pulpit Rings*, and the *Prefs* Groans with *Invectives* against our *Doctrines*: All our *Policies* are Unravel'd, our *Sacred person* expos'd to *Contempt*; and *Burnt* by the *Hereticks* in *Effigie*. In brief, This most *holy Design* which we have so long been *Midwiving* into the *VWorld*, is like to prove *Abrasive* and fatally *Miscarry*; unless your *Old Dragon* subtilty, can speedily by some wonderful *Stratagem*, revive it to perfection.

Devil. Be patient, dear *Child*! and bend a little to Fate, remember your Country proverb, *Pian piano*, what is said of the *City* holds true of your Faith.

Non fuit in uno Condita Roma die

Rome is not Built in a day.

Great Mutations require *Time*, be not too hasty, he goes *safest* that walks *peditentim*; Physicians never administer Remedies in the *Fir*, stay till this *Paroxysm* is over, way-lay Opportunity, and Learn to Sail with every wind. In the mean time follow me to the next *Arbouz*, where we will prepare Instructions for our *Emissaries* abroad as we conceive most convenient in the present Juncture. Hereupon laying their Heads together for an hour like the *Toad*, lending Poyson to the *Viper*, their teeming Inventions were delivered of the following By-blow.

INSTRUCTIONS to be pursued by all Nuncio's, Jesuits, Priests, Lay-sticklers, and other Factors of the See of Rome, for facilitating the Re-establishment of Popery, in Heretical Countries.

Imprimis, You shall make the Advancement of the *Romish Church* your Pole-Star, The Centre whereto all your words and Actions tend, For attaining which end, you shall bawke no means be they never so unjust or Abominable, for he that thinks *Fraud* cannot be pious or Piety, fraudulent is a Short-ear'd Ass, and was never bottom'd in School Divinity.

2. You shall discover or conceal your Religion, as best suits your conveniences, And rather than loose a good place for want of a *Renunciatory Oath*, you shall have from us *Dispensations* and *Pardons Gratis*, so Indemnify your Souls; yet still you shall pretend in publique to a most Stout *Honesty* and *Sincerity*. For

*The Stratagem is then Exalted High
When th' Hypocrite reviles Hypocrisie.*

3. Think not to put off all your ware at once, down right Popery at first dash is *frighful*, But those that *Keck* at it whole, will swallow it handsomely *Mine'a*, First, Tinge people with a *Preparative Blex*, and then *Sause'um* with the Colour of the *Scarlet Whore*, begin with our most plausible Principles, The *Vulgar* never mind the *Tail* of the business, yet there lies the *Stings*, When the Needles once through the Thred will follow; some serious *Truths* must be delivered the better under those *Palliations* to disseminate our profitable *Errors*, so a *Stinck* offends more when Concomitant with some weak *Perfume*, which it hath *Pro vchinslo*, than when 'tis single, The perfume procuring for the stench, easier Admittance into the Sense: Thus *Possuns* are most dangerous, and irremediable when joyn'd in Commission with a *Cordial* too weak to resist them, it only serving to Conduct them to the *Heart*, but is unable to vanquish their malignity.

4. Let your deportment be complaisant, even to servile *Flattery*, Court your very Enemies with the most oblidging Language and Prorestitutions of Kindness, Kiss those hands you would cut off, and Hug him you cannot *Hang*, at least, until you can; Still fashion your selves to the humour of the present Company, As the light is round in the Sun, in the fire *Pyramidal*. If any Recommend *Liberty* of Conscience, do you straight cry out against *Persecution*, and laugh not for a world; but remember you are yet a while to play the *Foxes* and *Wolves*, in *Sheeps Cloathing*: 'Tis hereafter in the *Inquisition* you

are to Act the parts of *Lions Rampant*.

5. In private discourses you shall passionately bewail the *Variety* of Sects and Opinions amongst *Protestants* (yet still promote such differences what you can) representing the difficulty of *Scriptures* to be understood; How every *Heresie* seeks protection there, and a thousand different Judgments vouch their Warrant from the *same Text*. Hence you shall take occasion slyly to magnifie the *Unity of Rome* (though indeed there's no such thing) That without a *Judge* there can be no *decision*, without *Infallibility* no *Certainty*, and consequently, no *Security*, That such as Skip the *Pale* of the Church, are always in a *Roaming* Condition and like a floating Island or the Sea-weed, know not where to take nor how to keep *Root*, yet still persuade people there's no danger of *Papery*, no design to introduce it, that such a charge is ridiculous to imagine, impossible to be accomplished, &c. When men *Sleep* is the onely time to sow *Tears*; *Security* dwells next door to *Ruine*.

6. Study profoundly, humours and Interests; to the poor magnify *Papish Charity*, and the Noble House-keeping of old; To Young *Scholars* the Learning of the *Jesuits*, and the excellent Method and *Discipline* of their Schools beyond the Seas; to the Debauch'd, represent the moderation of your Church in voting the wanton *Sillies* of Nature (as *Whoredom*, *Adultery*, *Incest*, and *Sodomy*) but *venial Peccadillies*, and granting *Indulgencies* at *easy Rates* for greater Crimes.

7. Promote that *Laudable Design* of *Atheism*, which you have already so hopefully begun, For those that have no regard for any Religion to be sure will never oppose one that is so fitted for their turn, and near of kin in effect to their present Sentiments.

8. You shall more Industriously spread your Nets for the *Rich*, and the *Great*, who being most allied to the World, are aptest to comply with any Religion that's *shriving*, Besides the Influence of their *Example* and power on their *Domesticks*, *Relations*, and *Dependants* for you may see when the Tide turns, all the Ships at Anchor in the River presently change *Head* for *Sterne*.

9. A *Miracle* now and then may do well amongst the *Vulgar*, but cautiously, 'tis a *Subtle Eagle ey'd Age*, be sure therefore prepare your Counterfeit, that is to be *possest* very well, and carry your hand and *Invisib'e Juggling* hair *clearly*.

Lastly, Forget not our *primitive policy* in Tempting *Eve* first, prostitute the *Women*, and let them alone to draw in the *men*; There is no Devil to the *Shew-Devil*, They long since brought the *Strongest* of
men.

men to Ruine, and the *wisest* to Idolatry. Our more private Directions for *Murdering Priuces, Burning Heretical Cities, &c.* We shall Inspire you within person, and now Conclude with our Joyful *Benediction.*

May your Foreheads be as Walls of Corinthian Brass, your Tongue tippt with *Syrrens* Musique, and your *Ignis fatuus* lead all *Europe.*

Given at *Rome* this 20th. of *November*, S. R. in the year of His Confusion, 1673. Signed with the Devils Paw, and the Seal of a *Fisber.*

Having dispatch't away these Instructions by an *Infernal Currier* They both sell a Quaffing some full Bowls of *English Martyrs* Blood reserv'd ever since *Queen Mary's* days, for the *Popes* own Morning Draughts, and Sung in parts the following Verse of an Anthem composed for their use on such occasions by *Ignatius Loyola.*

Devil, 'Tis done, and methinks already I see
Whole droves on their Journey, thronging to me;
No more will we Angle for single Souls;
Our Catholick Draw-net, shall catch 'em by Shoals.

* England so called by one of the *Popes*, for the vast Sums drained from hence.

Pope, I laugh to think how our Coffers will swell,
With Treasures from this * *inexhaustible* well.
How simply too, some Lay-Papists will look,
When their dear Abbey-Lands must be forsook.

Chorus of both.

No matter who looses, our Interests do joyne.

Devil, I cheat 'em for their Souls [Pope] And I for their Co

Excat, Devil carrying the Pope a pick-pack,

FINIS.